CONFEDERATE CAVALRY STORMING A UNION FARMHOUSE CITADEL.

Rold Raiders Bended Off by Bold Riders. A Baron in Epaulets and an Indian Fighter Whose Motto Was "Never Say



pof armies o

a page of description to Burnside's sits at Boaroke and Newbern and to the storming of Fort Fisher, then pass on until a belated thought of Cushing's un-paralleled feat leads them back to the winding, dismal and noisome sounds of the Old Tar State. Plymouth and Wilmington and Newbern after its first capture, are of interest so obscure that their names scarce. interest so obscure that their names scarce-ly appear in the long list which burdens history's glowing records. And as for Gil-lett's Farm, only a dreamer would attempt to gild it with the sacred burnish of mar-tial fame. But a night attack on a citadel extemperized from a lone farmhouse away outside of thickly peopled lines might fur-nish to the participants all that spice of danger, that dash of strange excitement and quickening of slow blood which bold spirits valuty look for when war comes to be narrowed down to the monotonous evo-

d men of the One Hundred and Third New York left Newbern equipped for light marching and under orders to make a wide secont southwestward along Trentriver two.

The colonel leaped his horse over the lane men of arms belonging to the Corps d'Elite, the Grenndlers and the German Rithes. The community of the Corps d'Elles, Captain Languer, was a Prussian veteran, and his next in rack, Lientenant Martinez, earned his spors on the staff of Garibaldi.

The party fell in with Confederate security as soon as it reached the open country. The citizens were in league with the enemy and helped to ambush the invaders. In retaliation the boron seized men and cattle and sent them back to Newbern under the and sent them back to Newbern under guard, thereby arousing the country shead of him and also depleting his force. On the 13th of April the expedition crossed White Oak river and took up quarters for the night at the house of Thomas Gillett. The place was inclosed by high pallings, and the house stood in the center of the yard. On one side the inclosure was flank-ed by stables and other outhalldings. A broad private lane extended from the main county road to the front of the house. Sen-tries were placed at the gate and at intertries were placed at the gate and at inter-



THE STRUGGLE AT THE BEAR GATE. because after the column abandoned Trent river and turned south Confederates sensountered at every farm Some ran away, and a few and crossroad. Some ran away, and a few surrendered. It would have been marvelous had no one sent news to the enemy's camp of this bold expedition, marching without supports or means of summoning help. The opportunity was tempting, and the blow was struck. On the day the baron invited his Grenndlers and Elites to make themselves at home on Gillett's plan-tation, guided thereto through the swamps by a negro, Colonel William G. Robinson of the Second North Carolina cavalry was

ordered on the warpath with a detachment of 200 troopers.

Robinson was an old cavalryman of the plains and had married the daughter of Captain Alexander McRae, one of the heroes of the regular army who fell at Va-verde, N. M. McRae was killed in a pistol duel waged at arm's length over a gun be was defending. His antagonist was a for-mer messmate. The firing was simulta-neous, and both were shot dead. With a ordered on the warpath with a detachment neous, and both were shot dead. With a record of that kind in the family, Colonel Robinson was not the one to mince mat-ters, however desperate the chances. The night was cloudless and lit by a full moon. On approaching the farm about midnight the Carolina troopers disclosed themselves to the baron's pickets, who quickly stole alarming the assallants. The Carolinians up to the last moment counted upon a sur-prise. Colonel Robinson separated his men prise. Colonel Robinson separated his men into three storming parties, who were to congregate in the lane and at a signal burst through the fences to the assault. One party was to gallop directly to the front of the house and the others to ride on right and left circuits to the rear. The signal to start would come from an, advance party of six men sent forward to draw off the guards in front, but at the entrance to the Inne—the cavalende standing in line back—ancestors, who in ages past established on the road—a solitary sentinel was found—themselves in the Mediterraneau border of on the read—a solitary sentinel was found pacing his beat, unmindful of danger, if not unconscious of it. A shot rang out on the quiet air, and the sentinel fell dead. The Carolina troopers were novices, toa first carolina troopers were novices, toa impatient to maneuver and silence that vedette. Their shot removed a soldler, but it warned the barro's men that the pickets who had abandoned the outposts in the face of advancing cavairy had not been scared over shadows. The Grenadiers, Elites and Riflemen stood to arms, and ever novice of Rechisors's respective, shrewd and enterprising race.—
New York Times. face of advancing cavalry had not been scared over shadows. The Grenadiers, Ellites and Riffenen stood to arms, and ev-ery metion of Robinson's men passed un-How to Throw a Horse and Kill Him.

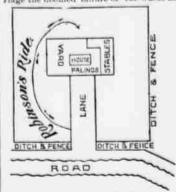
There is a certain way that experienced when the signal shot came many minutes abead of time. Colonel Robinson echoed the alarm by sounding the charge, but only a handful were ready, and the leading troop galloped into the lane with but a fraction of its numbers in line. Headed by the captain and lieutenant, they dashed up to the front gate. A sergeant and half a dozen men of the baron's Corps d'Elite met them and received one round of shots without finching, though the odds were three to one. The assailants locked around for their fellows and saw that the lane was for their fellows and kill him at one in the horse's front legs, a turn being taken around the far one near the fetlock. The them studying Law.

What's the matter nows' 'I just the window, and his wife, who was waiting for him being which will him at one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's desk. He had it one him? Another £100 gone, when 5 shillings would have bought not only his poem, but his everlasting gratitude."—London Tir-Bits.

Old Kona Coffee Women Studying Law.

When the matter nows' 'I just the matter nows' they now was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being his had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being, had his wife, who was waiting for him being his had his wife, who was waiting for him being had his wife, who was waiting for him being his had his wife, who was waiting for him being his his white and his wife, who was waiting for him bein

bare. Backing away, they found the other storming parties halted on the read at the mouth of the lane, wasting shots on tar-gets hundresis of feet distant and relied in



fair. They wouldn't move out. They skulked away on the road and across the fields. Finally the leader of the first dash, who had once ridden up to the farm gute, mustered a few squads from several companies and spurred on through the lane once more. The gate was not more than 20 feet from the porch, where a greanding paced back and forth on his guard best as grimily important as though the assaulting party were the commanding general and staff on a tour of inspection. The Elite Corps at the gate saw how weak the attack was given and caimly picked off their men. The troopers on their part fired at the windows, and some officer in plain view and hearing called out, "Cease firing—we surwho had once ridden up to the farm gate,

Most leaders would have quit and pock-

scont southwestward along Trentriver two marches, thence southeast to and along White Oak river to its mouth, three marches, and northeast along the coast two marches to Fort Macon. They were expected to fight their way through all opposition and live off the country. The reconnoissance was led by Colonel Baron Eggloffstein, a European soldier, and the rank and file comprised chiefly trained men of arms beinging to the Corns the blaze of guns. On they sped through the blaze of guns. On they sped through the crossfer from the line at the front palthe crossire from the line at the front pal-ings and along the direct range of the left yard fence around to the gate in the rear. The Elites rushed from their stations in front of the house, and making a short cut arrived at the rear fence before the rash troopers had time to gather impetus for the grand stroke. Captain Languer and Lieutenant Martinez singled out the colo-nel and a captain who rode with him, and leaped the fence to cut them down. But a chance bullet fired by some marksman in the grounds struck Colonel Robinson in the thigh as he was spurring his horse on to crash through the palings. He recled, and his horse suddenly veered short, throwand his horse smidenly veered short, throw-ing the rider to the ground. Languer and Martinez, throat their drawn swoods has tween him and his companions. Once more cut off from the leader who to them was as good as lost, and lacking the inspi-ration of his example, the men backed away, abandoning in some cases horses terments or whatever could impede

The baron's men had every reason to keep a sharp lookout for surprising parties, Berng Eggloffstein witnessed the exploit of the brave regular from the beginning. Berng an old Indian fighter himself, he could recognize a daring deed without the help of a prompter. His official report of the affair praised the luckless officer for his holdness and declared that he merited a better fate. True valor is never churlish t meeting its equal, and the baron sent a ispatch to the wounded colone's wife, which brought her through the lines to the ide of her husband 24 hours after he was

The casualties of the brief and pictur-

The doctor grew very enthusiastic in speaking of the old town, saying with great fer-vor, "In Williamstown, gentlemen, I first saw the light of day, in Williamstown I saw the light of day, in Williamstown I was reared and have passed the years of my manhood, in Williamstown I expect to die and be buried, and from Williamstown U hope to go straight to heaven!" There was a burst of applause, and in a twinsting Martin I. Townsend of Troy was on his feet. "Mr. President," he exclaimed, addressing the head of the table, "I am heartily glad to hear of one place you can get to from Williamstown without passing through North Adams!"—Berkshire (Mass.) Record.

Her Escort.

A lady acquaintance of mine was left in the middle of a theutrical performance the other evening by her husband, who was called away suddenly. He promised to return for her at the end of the performance, or else to send an escort.

Well, he didn't return, and as the anxious woman—by the way, she is very tall—stood

use thing that prejudlees in regard to arretteles of food and fashions of clothing are titles of food and fashions of clothing are to vercome than those concerning the vital interests of humanity. As innovation is the ruling spirit of the age, how vaid in iterests of humanity. As innovation is the ruling spirit of the age, how vaid to be hoped that we shall soon become so inured to novelty as to drop all attempts to coerce our neighbor in respect of his table, his wardrobe and his harm-less amusements.

The sketch shows twe bicycle costumes as armsements.

The sketch shows twe bicycle costumes as arm

or else to send an escort.

Well, he didn't return, and as the anxious woman—by the way, she is very tall—stood in the lobby looking about, the very smallhad ever seen approached her and said:
"Are you Mrs. — "

Weil, I'm to escort you home." "Weil, I'm to escort you home."
"Oh, no," was her response, "I've enough to do to take care of myself. I can't look after other people's children!"

And she called a cah!—Polly Pry in New "Where are we now, mamma?" asked the York Recorder.

Born Merchants. In Catalonia idleness is considered by every one, high and low, a disgrace, and no mercantile undertaking or industrial pur-Spain, and whose characteristic trading in-clinations have prevailed to this day, and neither Celts nor Romans nor Goths nor

ADAPTABLE GOWNS.

The Same Dress May Do Duty For Several Colonel Robinson rode back and forth along the line beserching the men to charge and carry the work through before the opposition attained strength, but the appeal was thrown away. The solders had never attacked a hidden enemy, even in so line cent a fortress as a wonder farmhouse, and they had just sense enough to know that the first plunge had been taken a few minutes sooner than their leader meant it should be and to argue from that miscarriage the doomed failure of the whole af-



spirits valuly look for when war comes to be narrowed down to the monotonous evolutions and crasseless velleying of great battlefields.

Burnside's army captured Newbern in March, 1862, and began to subjugate the surrounding coast country. Fort Macon, on the Athnetic, southens, was besieged by a single division, but the country west of it and south of Newbern, on Trent and White Oak rivers, was open to the Confederates, thus exposing the 36 miles of road between Newbern and Fort Macon, between the main army and the detachment of besiegers, to raids by the enemy scavalry. Burnside was without cavalry. On the 7th of April a detachment of 200 pickslines of the One Hundred and Third New set leaders would have quit and pocks.

Most leaders would have quit and pocks give a dressy offect to the entire gown if the toopers on their partificed at the wind was and some officer in plain view and heaves and hearing—we surrended to the wind hearing—we surrender. Such an order, right or wrong, burned out, "Cease firing—we surrended the winds and some officer in plain view and hearing—we surrended the winds, and one officer in plain view and hearing—we surrended the winds and emselved at the winds and emselved at the winds, and they are surrended to the course in plant of even out of doors. The hat or bonnet must of course harmonize in color with hearing called out, "Cease firing—we surrended the winds and order, right or wrong, burned out, or plant of the plastron. The same gown may be turned into a charming evening the plastron. The same gown course for wearing at a dinner parity, the theater or an evening at home' by replacing the burned into a charming evening the plastron. The same gown course for wearing at a dinner parity, the theater or an evening at home' by replacing the plastron with a deep lace yoke, with eparters for wearing at a dinner parity, the theater or an evening at home' by replacing the plastron. The same gown may be turned into a charming evening the plastron. The same parity of the plastron. The same pa

The yoke illustrated is of butter colored guipure, bordered with narrow accordion sactine de soie. The platting of black m

DRESS REFORM.

The Ricycle Is Largely Responsible For It seems extremely probable that, among the other innovations for which the intro-duction of the bleyele is more or less di-rectly responsible, there will have to be classified the adoption by women of the divided skirt. Heretofore there have been numerous tentative efforts by ladies with advanced ideas toward a change from the ordinary garment, the first achievements bringing up abruptly in the bloomer, the Turkish trousers and others. But the bloomer was too ugly for serious consider-ation, and the Turkish trousers were im-practicable. The consequence has been that until the present the problem has been unsettled. Now, however, the bleyde has come, and with it a divided skirt which is already were by a sufficient num-



true," gallant troopers were "unnorsed and disarmed in the fierce melee" and scars gained there are "battle scars" despite the fact that Gillett's Farm cannot be twisted to spell Gettyslarg.

George L. Kilmer. ago a woman in ordinary street costum Years ago at an alumni dinner in Wil-liamstown one of the most stirring speech-es was made by the veteran Dr. Sabin.

The doctor grow very arthurical large and women alike have the right to dress as they choose, so long as they been within as they choose, so long as they keep within the bounds of deceney, is a truth that is at last becoming recognized. It is a curi-ous thing that prejudices in regard to ar-ticles of food and fashions of clothing are

He Wanted to Find Out. In the lobby looking about, the very smallest specimen of a messenger boy that she vators had been a very limited one was brought to the city by his mamma, and in the course of two or three hours' she the little fellow was taken up and down in different stores a good many times. Finally the two went to an office build-

boy.
"In Uncle Rob's office." He glanced around the rather contracted quarters and then asked:
"When does it go up?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Professor White-When did money first Brown-The exact date isn't known, sir, but it was subsequent to the failure of the tower of Babel. Professor White-Indeed! How did you

learn that? Brown-By inductive analysis, sir. Mon-y talks, and everybody has always understood its language.—Kate Field's Wash-

A Waste of Money. "Oh, misery!" cried the editor.
"What's the matter now!" I just threw a poet out of the window.

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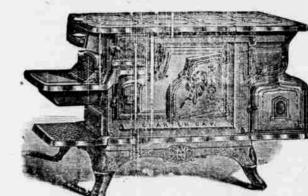
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